

The Republican.

Discontent.

Two boats rocked on the river,
In the shadow of the trees—
One was in love with the harbor,
One was in love with the sea.

The one that loved the harbor
The winds of fate outbore,
But held the other, longing,
Forever against the shore.

The one that loved the river,
Though sailing fair and free,
Looks back at the quiet river,
To the harbor and the sea.

One looks against the quiet
Of the moon grown shaded shores;
One sighs that it may e'er
The harbor and the sea.

One wearies of the dangers
Of the tempest's rage and wait;
One dreams, amid the lilies,
Of a far off, happy life.

Of all that life can teach us,
There's naught so true as this—
The win of life lies ever,
But ever blue seas.

Educational Column.

J. F. LANGENBAUGH.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

One of the most charming fictions transmitted to us from antiquity, is that of Cupid and Psyche. It involves the most sublime ideas of life, death and immortality, as far as we may look for such ideas among the religious heathens of ancient times. The name of Psyche signifies both a butterfly and the human soul. Therefore, when represented with the wings of a butterfly, attached to her shoulders, Psyche is, as it were, the emblem of a tender spiritual being, who, freed from the coarse covering of her chrysalis, is too sublimated for this lower world, and rises to a higher existence, where, united with Love, in sacred and mutual marriage, she participates in that bliss which the immortals themselves enjoy. This fiction forms the veil, which in a most agreeable manner conceals the terrors of the lower world. Psyche, the most lovely of mortals, was the daughter of a powerful monarch, and the youngest of three sisters. So transcendent was her beauty that no mortal man dared see her hand, and her father's subjects, neglecting the worship of Venus, raised altars to Psyche. Her parents exulted in this general homage paid to their daughter, and her sisters, somewhat jealous of her superior beauty, pleased themselves with the thought that while they were married, she would never have a husband. Both parents and sisters, however, soon found themselves disappointed in the anticipations in which they had indulged. The former consulted an oracle as to her future fate, and were commended to array their daughter in festive attire, and then conduct her as if to her burial to the summit of a mountain, and there to abandon her till her destined husband should come for her.

Venus, resolving to revenge herself upon the innocent Psyche, sent Cupid to inspire her with a passion for the ugliest of mortals. But Cupid no sooner saw Psyche than he laid aside his bow and arrows, and resolved to make her his wife. For this purpose he went to Zephyrus, the god of the west wind, and Somnus, the god of sleep, to ask their assistance. No sooner did Psyche find herself alone, than a profound sleep stole over her senses, and then she was tenderly raised by Zephyrus, who carried her to the abode prepared for her by Love. She found herself transported to an unknown region, but the most charming she had ever seen. A magnificent palace, surrounded by beautiful groves and beds of flowers, was at her disposal; she was mistress of many invisible attendants, by whom her commands were instantly obeyed. But he who had bestowed upon her this delightful abode, she was not permitted to behold. He visited her only at night, telling her with a sweetly sounding voice that he was the husband allotted to her by the immortals, at the same time warning and entreating her never to inquire who he was, for she would for ever lose his love, and become miserable.

But in the midst of a heavenly happiness, Psyche longed to see her parents once more, or at least her sisters, that she might dissipate the grief of her family on account of her fate. Her husband, seeing that she was thus afflicted, and desiring to banish this wish from her heart, vainly, at last consented that she should receive a visit from her sisters. Zephyrus was accordingly ordered to convey them to Psyche's abode. No sooner had they arrived and beheld the happiness which was allotted to their sister, than envy filled their hearts, destroying every better feeling; and after having heard the particular circumstances under which Psyche enjoyed her matrimonial happiness, they infused into her mind the suspicion that her husband must be a hideous monster, because he dreaded to be seen. Their malevolence even went so far as to persuade their sister, by every possible art, to transgress the positive commands of her husband, and by the use of a dagger, to rid herself of the monster when buried in sleep.

The sisters were carried away by Zephyrus, and poor Psyche, whose mind was agitated by contending passions, resolved, at last to follow the malevolent counsel which they had given her. When night had expanded her wings over her blessed abode, and her husband was buried in repose, she took the lamp, and a dagger which she had concealed, and stepped, with faltering knees and a trembling hand, to the couch of the unknown. But instead of the monster whom she had expected to see, she beheld the most beautiful of the immortals, Cupid, God of Love! She attempted gently to withdraw the lamp, but her

hand trembled, and a drop of hot oil fell on the god's shoulder. Cupid started up from his sleep, and beholding his wife, with a lamp and dagger, cast a look on the wretched Psyche, in which rage, scorn, and pity were intermingled. He then mounted on his wings, never more to return. When Psyche felt that she had lost the love and esteem of her adored husband, despair took possession of her mind, and she attempted to put a period to her existence. She threw herself into the neighboring stream, but the river god feared Love, and gently carried her to the opposite bank. Here she met with Pan, who endeavored to console her by the prediction that she was destined at a future period to be once more happy.

Psyche's sisters, who had anticipated the consequences of their fatal counsel, and who now wished to succeed their unfortunate sister, placed themselves one after the other on the summit of the mountain from which Psyche had been carried away, hoping that Zephyrus would convey them to the wished for residence; but being hurled into the abyss by sudden blasts of wind, they atoned by their deaths for the envy and treachery which they had displayed toward their innocent sister. Poor Psyche overran the whole earth in search of her lost husband. But finding all her endeavors vain, she at last took the resolution of applying to Venus, and imploring mercy from her. Venus, incensed with the fair suppliant, and because she had charmed Cupid and because of her celestial beauty, received her with reproaches, imposing upon her the severest tasks, the performance of which seemed impossible. Psyche, however, assisted by beneficent spirits, surmounted all difficulties; yet for a long time she was obliged to suffer the consequences of her imprudence, until she was again thought worthy of her forfeited happiness. At last she was ordered by Venus to descend into Orcus itself, and to fetch from Proserpina a box containing the highest charms of beauty. Psyche obeyed the command of the cruel goddess, and set out on the dreadful enterprise, despairing of success; but the voice of her invisible protector and guide taught her every necessary precaution, and warned her of every danger. Provided with a cake to tame the fury of Cerberus, and a sum of money to gain the good will of Charon, she ventured down to the gloomy regions, and arrived safely at the palace of Proserpina. The desired box was delivered to her, but with a strict injunction not to open it. Psyche, who had surmounted so many difficulties, and sustained with heroic fortitude so many trials, suffered here by this last, and she left the dominions of Pluto, when curiosity and vanity induced her to open the box. She was instantly involved in a black and noxious vapor, which threw her into a deep sleep, from which she would never have risen had not Cupid, her invisible protector, hastened to her assistance. He restored her to life, collected the vapor again into the box, and conducted his beloved Psyche safely to the throne of Jove, there proclaiming her as his lawful wife, and supplicating for her admission among the immortals. Jupiter complied with his request, endowed her with immortality, and Venus became reconciled to her beautiful daughter-in-law. The Hours shed roses through the sky, the Graces sprinkled the halls of Heaven with fragrant odors, Apollo played on his lyre, the Arcadian god on his reeds, the Muses sang in chorus, while Venus danced with grace and elegance, to celebrate the nuptials of her son. Thus the celestials celebrate the second, the heavenly marriage of Cupid and Psyche. (Dreigh's Mythology.)

Though the Earth be Removed.

The traveler Humboldt gives an interesting account of the first earthquake he witnessed. It was at Cumana, in South America. The first shock came after a strange stillness. It caused an earthquake in his mind, for it overthrew in a moment all his life-long notions about the safety of the earth. The crocodiles ran from the river Orinoco, howling into the woods, the dogs and pigs were powerless with fear. The whole city seemed "the hearth of destruction." The houses could not shelter, for they were falling in ruins. He turned to the mountains, but they reeled like drunken men. He then looked toward the sea. Lo! it had fled; and the ships, which a few minutes before were in deep water, rocked on the bare sand. He tells us that being then at his wife's side, he looked up and observed that heaven alone was calm and unshaken. Many strange things are yet to come upon the world—earthquakes, overturnings, upheavals. But amid them all, the Book tells us, the Christian shall look up to the heavenly one, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever," and to his heavenly home which cannot be moved.

A good many pretended Christians pray after the manner of the little boy who said his prayers only at night and not in the morning, for, said he to his missionary Sunday school teacher, "When I am asleep I don't know what might happen to me; but in the day when I am awake I can take care of myself very easy." They pray when they get in a tight place as a last resort. The shipwrecked sailor's prayer, who said, "O Lord, I haven't asked anything of you for fifteen years, and if you'll get me ashore, I won't ask anything for fifteen years more" is a notable example of this kind of Christianity. Kokomo Dispatch.

I Blot Out a Day.

I keep, on the desk before me, a calendar of the year, with the day of each week by numerals. When a day is passed, I draw my pen across a figure, or the figures representing a day. It is gone, and I blot it out. So far as the column of numerals is concerned, I can do so.

But I am startled by the words, "I blot out a day!" A day is a wheel in the great machinery of life—a link in the chain of my probation. It is as truly a part of vital and essential being as a year or a century. The day is given me. Will it vanish at my bidding? I did not originate it, I only received it. I have no more power to blot it out than to bring it in.

It was a gift. How should I treat the Giver, if I could and would blot it out? It came as a proof of the love of the Giver. To many that day came not. It was on its way, but the chain broke. But Divine providence would not allow me to be a loser. Shall I not honor the Giver?

A day of sadness, perhaps. Blot it out for that reason? If my sins made the sadness of the day, then let the day stand—a memento of a reminder of my folly. That day is worth saving that brings such a voice of reproof. Perhaps the day was a voice of divine discipline. Surely, then, it ought to stand, lest blotting it out, offense be given to Him, who afflicts "for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness."

A day of gladness, perhaps. The sky bright; the air balmy; joy in friends and all worldly comfort; above all, joy in the Lord, and gladness in His salvation. Shall I mar such a beautiful picture? Shall I blot out such a day? As I erase the figure with my pen, shall I drop it out of my mind as if there had never been such a day? Is this the kind return?

A day! That day just erased from my calendar, how much could have been accomplished in it! What a noble river of holy emotions might have rolled through my soul in that one day, what fervor of love, ardor in prayer, and workings of faith, bringing the light and joy of heaven into the soul.

There hangs my calendar. I can not blot out much longer. The last day of the year is at hand. The symbols of what remains may be erased by my driving pen; but these links of life, these waymarks of the path to eternity, these gifts of God, these opportunities of usefulness, my gratitude shall welcome them, my love and zeal carry out their great design. They shall aid in the great result, that my name shall not be blotted out of the Book of Life.—Rev. H. B. Hooker.

Indiana Patents.

The following is a list of the patents issued to citizens of the State of Indiana, February 4th, 1879, furnished this paper by C. Bradford, Solicitor of Patents, 18 Hubbard's Block, Indianapolis, Ind., of whom copies and information may be obtained:

To A. T. Korman, of Terre Haute, for improvement in lighting attachments for alarm clocks.

To F. B. Hunt, of Richmond, for improvement in saw blades.

To F. K. Kitchin, of Indianapolis, for improvement in straw carriers for thrashing machines.

To E. L. Keys, of Muncie, for improvement in washing machines.

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A Yankton dispatch to the Cincinnati Commercial gives an interesting account of a hunt after a member of the Dakota Legislature—D. W. Fitch—by the sergeant-at-arms and his assistants. He has been in the habit of absenting himself from his seat, and on several occasions has been brought back by the sergeant-at-arms. As he repeated the game on Wednesday, the sergeant-at-arms, with three clerks and a messenger, set out to bring him in. They ran him out of a saloon and out of the Territory into Nebraska, back into Yankton again, and finally into his room at his hotel, where he barred himself in and refused to come out. The posse returned to the House without him. The only object he could have in remaining away from the session must have been to have more time to devote to the gaming-table, as there was no measure before the body that he desired to dodge. If it becomes known that live legislators are among the legitimate coursing-game of Dakota, we may look for an influx of Britishers of the Sir Charles Goldsmid type, upon whose appetites the duller sort of fox-hunting has palled.

Miss Minnie Lowland, of Wilmington, Delaware, who is nineteen years old, was afflicted with typhoid fever, and on her recovery found herself gradually growing blind from weakness of the optic nerve. Despite most careful treatment her affliction culminated in total blindness. She is a member of St. Paul M. E. church, and the church has made her case one of

special prayer. Last Tuesday night, previous to retiring, she had read to her the story of Christ restoring sight to the blind, and the promise to grant "whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, believing." With a full reliance upon the promise she prayed that her sight might be restored, and retired to rest. She awoke with a pain in her head. Her mother bathed her head and she once more fell asleep. When she awoke her sight was fully restored. She believes the restoration of her sight was in answer to her prayer.

A Happy Woman.

What a spectacle more pleasing does the world afford than a happy woman, contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming her trials and sorrows of life into roses of Paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy because they cannot help it; no misfortunes dampen their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow around them, as they pursue the even tenor of their way. They have the secret of contentment, whose value is above the philosopher's stone, for without seeking the baser exchange of gold, which may buy some sort of pleasure, they convert everything they touch into joy. What their condition is makes no difference. They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or forsaken by the wicked world; but the sparkling fountain of happiness bubbles up in their hearts and makes them radiantly beautiful. Though they live in a log cabin, they make it shine with a lustre that kings and queens covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty. Happy women are the highest types of humanity, and we cannot say how much we owe to them for the progress of the race.

Facts Worth Remembering.

One thousand shingles laid four inches to the weather, will cover 100 square feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.

One fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered, because of the lap in the siding and matching of the floor.

One thousand laths will cover 70 yards of surface, and 11 pounds of lath nails will nail them on.

Eight bushels of good lime, 16 bushels of sand and one bushel of hair will make enough good mortar to plaster 100 square yards.

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney, six bricks in a course will make a five foot chimney, and twelve inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a five foot chimney wide and sixteen inches long.

The law assists those who are vigilant, and not those who sleep over their rights.

A few days ago an Iowa farmer, who was hauling a sled-load of corn to market, attempted to cross the track of the C. & N. W. railroad while a passenger train was within a few hundred yards, and coming like lightning. When the sled-runnings, which were of soft iron, struck the cold steel rails, the sled refused to move and there was a deadlock. The farmer took in the situation in a moment, then suddenly reached forward, pulled the pin which fastened the double-tree to the sled, hit the horses a cut, and leaped for life himself, leaving the sled on the track. The next moment the air was black with the fragments of the vehicle and the pulverized fragments of thirty bushels of corn. Such presence of mind would indicate that the man had some sense. If this supposition were not contradicted, by his folly in trying to drive across the track in front of an approaching train.—Indianapolis Journal.

Everything conducive to the better condition of the baby is sure to attract attention; and hence it is that Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is becoming more and more appreciated, as its wonderful influence in subduing the diseases of babyhood becomes recognized. Price 25 cents.

Conversation between two Chicago school-boys, reported for the Chicago Daily News, verbatim:

"Hello, Johnny, what ya got?"

"Don't you see—a kuite." (Kite.)

"Are ya goin' to flyer?"

"Yes."

"I've got a kuite what'll fly higher than."

"No ya ain't."

"Yes I have."

"I betch yer haw'n't."

"What'll yer bet?"

"I betch yer five cents."

"Oh, go way!"

How would it do to introduce the study of the English language into our Public Schools?

Briggs' speech against Southern claims moves Nashville to remark: "The pervasiveness of some men is beyond all human calculation, and the misdoings of the Democracy is such that nothing short of an infidelity can calculate upon, they are not in the party, but it seems on the contrary to the very man view, from the highest, oldest down to the privet in the ranks wuz a flim on his own hook." And he adds: "The hopes of the South are forever dashed, and freedom as well as commerce her sheeks. I never want to see a Democrat elected from a State like Wisconsin. They ain't half baked."

Go North, South, East or West, and you will find coughs and colds at this season of the year. A remedy which never fails to give satisfaction is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

Ugli Catarrh! Stand Out!!!

Keep the breadth of the room between us while we ask you a few questions. Are you a Christian? Christianity teaches that "cleanness is next to Godliness," and certainly you can find no Christian excuse for having that filthy disease, when Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a remedy for it even in its worst forms. Are you a brain-worker? A general impairment of the intellectual powers (notably a loss of memory) is an inevitable sequence of catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is the only reliable remedy for this disease. It is no "dry up" (expelling the disease from the nasal passages only) to send it to the lungs, nor unpleasant and unwholesome "fumigation." It is simple, safe and sure. Are you married? Besides being no more disagreeable to your "better half," do you not know that the disease is highly contagious, and may be communicated to your children, in the same or some other form? Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has cured thousands of cases that had been pronounced incurable. Are you unmarried? Be assured you will remain so, while you have that loathsome disease, for cupid will smile it afar off. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has cured cases of catarrh of many years' standing.

Don't Give Up.

What if you have tried different "put up" medicines in vain. Have you not been equally disappointed in some physicians? Do not consider your case incurable until you have made a thorough trial of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. They are chemically pure, of uniform strength, and have come into general use by reason of superior merit. In cases of general and nervous debility, consumption, bronchitis, dyspepsia, "liver complaint," scrofulous humors, ulcers and eruptions, the Golden Medical Discovery is a speedy and positive cure; while thousands of women, who had for years been bed-ridden, have by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, been restored to perfect health. The introduction of these two remedies have revolutionized the treatment of chronic diseases. Patients are no longer depleted and salivated, as the toxic and alterative properties of the Discovery long since demonstrated a better way. Ladies need no longer submit to the canker and knife, as the Favorite Prescription is guaranteed to cure the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women. Mrs. Samuel M. Kemper, of Gallatin, Ind., writes, "Your Favorite Prescription and Pleasant Purgative Pills have saved my life."

AGUE AND FEVER.

Notwithstanding can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine.

As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

Beware of Imitations.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Each box has a red wax seal on the lid with the impression Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. Each wrapper bears the signature of Dr. McLANE and FLEMING BROS.

Insist upon having the genuine Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name *McLane*, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

THE GENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS

are not recommended as a remedy "for all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in affections of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

Slack Headache.

Positively Cured by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Bloating, and Headache, and are a sure cure for Biliousness, and all the ailments of the liver. They regulate the bowels, and prevent constipation. They are sold in all druggists' stores, and by mail, at 25 cents a box. CARTER'S MEDICINE CO., PROPRIETORS, FRANKLIN, PA. Free trial by mail for one dollar.

Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS THEY ARE WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD. READ WHAT HE SAYS:

Dr. T. J. Hunt, of Richmond, for improvement in saw blades.

Dr. F. K. Kitchin, of Indianapolis, for improvement in straw carriers for thrashing machines.

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Dr. J. H. Penion, of Indianapolis, for improvement in combined horse boot and wheel.

Dr. F. B. Hunt, of Richmond, for improvement in corn planters, assigned by me to assignments of S. Harper deceased.

Dr. E. M. Murre, of Rushville, for improvement in lawns.

Dr. J. M. Kitchin, of Indianapolis, for improvement in mill saws.

Dr. D. A. and W. N. Green and J. H. Roberts, of Rushville, for improvement in lawns.

Dr. J. A. Carter, of Indianapolis, and J. F. Coppock, of West Newton, for improvement in automatic gates.

Dr. J. O. Gregg, of Elkhart, for improvement in air-bled regulators for thrashing machines.

Dr. V. P. Harris, of Greensburg, for improvement in saw blades.

Dr. J. H. Penion, of Indianapolis, for improvement in saw blades.

Dr. W. W. Winer, of Union City, for improvement in saw blades.

Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS THEY ARE WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD. READ WHAT HE SAYS:

Dr. T. J. Hunt, of Richmond, for improvement in saw blades.

Dr. F. K. Kitchin, of Indianapolis, for improvement in straw carriers for thrashing machines.

Dr. E. L. Keys, of Muncie, for improvement in washing machines.

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THE GENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S Celebrated American WORM SPECIFIC OR VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or circumscribed spots on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eye-lid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach; at others, entirely gone; heaving pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times constive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; jelly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccup; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

The genuine Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of Dr. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS

are not recommended as a remedy "for all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in affections of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.